SOC. 4. 01, 2 The Real C. l.A.

After two decades, secret-intelligence specialist Lyman B. Kirkpatrick, Jr., has come in from the cold-or at least from the tepid. He graduated from World War Two's OSS, became an early organizer of the Central Intelligence Agency and rose to the ranks of assistant director and inspector general before retiring. Now, in The Real CIA (Macmillan), Kirkpatrick has told all-all he thinks we should know, at least. Much of the book is bogged down with pointless personal anecdotes, but three chapters are well worth the reading, for they deal with the CIA's involvement in the U-2 affair and the Bay of Pigs debacle and with Kirkpatrick's self-serving views of what our attitude toward the Agency should be. He holds that blame for the bumbling aftermath of the ill-starred U-2 flight in 1960 should be shared by President Eisenhower and the Intelligence Agency -Eisenhower for saying he had authorized the spy flight over Russia when he hadn't even been told about it and the CIA for wrongheadedly assuming that pilot Francis Powers was dead and that it could therefore get away with a leaky cover story about a lost weather plane. As for the flap at the Bay of Pigs, he admits that the CIA lost points by itself. It swallowed its own flag-waving propaganda that in an invasion anti-Castro Cubans would rise by the legions and throw the bum out, and it egged the Cuban exiles on with assurances that Uncle Sam's fly-boys would be supporting their landings with rockets and bombs. Kirkpatrick also, implies, rather chillingly, that our James Bond types became so

infatuated with their crusade that they ignored even their CIA superiors at critical moments and simply acted on their own. It is curious, in view of these episodes, that Kirkpatrick closes with a plea that we "accept the CIA on faith" as "a necessity to our national security." Necessary it may be; but to judge from the evidence in this book, it is assuredly not deserving of anyone's faith—blind or otherwise.